

THE LIGUORIAN



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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XII.

JANUARY, 1924

No. 1

The Heart of a Child

O children, ye truants from Heaven,
Come into our lives from the skies,
The sunlight of God in your tresses,
Sweet innocence gleams in your eyes.

Earth angels, God-given to mortals,
You make us more docile and mild,
And teach us how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

How sad seems the world in its turmoil,
Its frenzy for fame and for self,
The teachings of Christ all forsaken
In pitiless striving for self:

Man's struggle with sin and with Satan,
Poor mortals by folly beguiled!
God speed us the day when all nations
Their wisdom shall learn of The Child.

Ah this is the lesson at Christmas
Christ teaches the great and the small,
Rebuking our pride to behold Him
An Infant in Bethlehem's Stall.

Then lay at His Feet in the Manger,
Thy spirit so wayward and wild,
And beg of the Babe and His Mother
To give thee the heart of a child.

J. R. Melvin, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

A STORY OF PAVEMENTS

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

How they got onto the subject of New Year's resolutions is not recorded—possibly because it was New Year's evening.

"I move this venerable assembly adjourn," said Madge, a sheaf of hatpins between her teeth and both hands juggling her headgear to get it tilted into that precise up-to-date position where it blinds one eye and makes the other look like that of a dying duckling in a thunder storm.

"Wherefore the haste?" queried Larry lazily from the luxurious depths of a big easy chair.

"To give you boys time to get home and write down your New Year's resolutions."

"I'll write mine in the morning. Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow," he misquoted.

"You forget, Larry dear; they must be drawn up and signed before midnight New Year in order to be valid," explained Carry.

"Otherwise, you know, Larry, they fall under your usual heading of 'the morning after the night before,'" interposed Gus; "and you make them so often."

"Oh, is that so?" from the victim, but before he could think up a smart answer, Madge was back in the fray.

"I'm so curious; won't you lend me the little gilt-edged book where you write them down? Come on, Larry, that's a good sport."

"My resolutions," returned languid Larry, "are inscribed only on the tablets of my affectionate young heart. That heart I engage, not merely to lend, but to give over to you outright, if you will promise never to break it by—"

"Heavenly days!" broke in Bess. "Listen to that! And only yesterday he offered it to me! Oh, fickleness, thy name is man!" Then she added: "No wonder, with such a pliable conscience, they make New Year's resolutions so lightly."

"How a big, full grown man can, year after year go through the stupid formality of making a lot of New Year's resolutions, is beyond me." Madge spoke in a tone of finality which said plainly: Now you have heard *me*; and so the case is settled.

Perhaps that is what roused Father Casey to ask:

"You call the taking of a good resolution stupid? Why stupid, Madge?"

"Because it doesn't mean anything."

"Why, it may mean the beginning of a true conversion."

"True conversion, nothing!" cried the girl. "Hell is paved with good resolutions."

"Which means?"

"It means that—that—hell is full of people that were always—always kidding themselves with good resolutions."

"Were they condemned to hell for making good resolutions?" asked the priest.

"No, for breaking them." Then she caught a sudden bright inspiration and added: "If they didn't take them, they wouldn't break them."

"Well," he countered, "heaven is filled with people who kept their good resolutions. If they didn't take them, they wouldn't keep them."

"Oh, it's all right to take good resolutions and keep them, but I was talking about those New Year's birds that take them and break them."

"That *intend* to break them?"

"Yes."

"That," said Father Casey, "is beside the point. Those that intend to break them do not really take good resolutions at all, for the essence of a resolution consists in intending to keep it."

"Oh well," clearly Madge did not "intend" to give up. "Even if, at the time they make them, they do intend to keep their resolutions, when they are always breaking them, it is just as bad."

Father Casey reverted to his favorite method of clearing up a point—he gave an example.

"Let us suppose, Madge, that Larry here and Gus are both in the habit of getting intoxicated."

Gus crossed himself devoutly and said: "God forbid!"

Larry looked up and mournfully inquired: "On what? On oatmeal water?"

Paying no heed to their interruptions, the priest continued:

"Suppose that, every so often, Gus makes up his mind to quit—takes a good resolution. But when the temptation comes, he falls

again. Larry, on the other hand, never once thinks of quitting. What will become of them?"

"Both go down to the bad place," cried the entire company in unison.

"So that's unanimous," said the priest. "At the same time you all see that Larry will go down much deeper than Gus, because his will was more perverse, more malicious, more hardened and set in evil. Thus you see, even if one knew he was going to keep on sinning and lose his soul, it is much better for him to make good resolutions than not to make them—provided, of course, that, at least while he is making the resolutions, he honestly means to try hard to keep them. The worst curse that can come over anybody is never to make a good resolution. Such a person is bad through and through—almost diabolical. The next worst thing after that is to make good resolutions for a while and then get discouraged and quit. Let us turn from that unpleasant place to which you so heartily consigned Larry and Gus, and let us think of heaven. The blessed in heaven were once poor creatures like us. They had mean, ugly inclinations; they had strong temptations; they had weak, slothful, cowardly moments, just like us. They committed faults. But they were sorry for them. They rose again after their faults and made good, strong resolutions not to commit those faults again. That, however, did not mean their struggle was over, any more than ours is over after we make a good resolution. Their former mean, ugly inclinations reasserted themselves, the temptations and the weak, slothful, cowardly moments returned, and they fell back again into the very faults they had so stoutly declared they would never commit again. That is what happened to the dear saints and the blessed who are now with God in heaven. But here is the point—the all-important point: they did not give up—did not despond and say: It's no use trying. No, no matter how often they fell, they rose at once, they repeated the good resolution and tried harder than ever. That's why they are in heaven to-day."

"Father Tim, I'm converted," said Madge meekly. "And to prove it, I take my New Year's resolution right here before the bunch; I'm going to be dreadfully good from this day on."

"So am I," said Carry.

"So am I," said Bess.

Larry smothered a yawn in order to come in with a belated: "So my."

Madge's enthusiasm had not yet reached its climax.

"I tell you what I'm going to do; I am going to write that down on a New Year card and keep it in my vanity case for a constant reminder."

Suiting the action to the word, she opened the vanity case—but instead of putting in a good resolution, she took out a powder puff and dabbed her nose as far up as the blinder permitted.

"For all the good it will do you, you might as well write, 'Twiddle-dee-dee,' or 'Twiddle-dee-dum,'" said Father Casey.

The young woman suspended exterior decorations, fixed him with her one available eye and cried:

"Father Tim, if you aren't the limit. Here you preach to us a half hour on good resolutions, and as soon as we make one, you throw a wet blanket over us and extinguish the fires of fervor you have been at such pains to kindle."

"I didn't hear anybody make a good resolution."

"Didn't hear anybody! Why we all resolved, as loud as we could, that we are going to be dreadfully good—all of us, even Larry, though I am sure he didn't mean it."

"That is not a good resolution."

"Well, if that is not a good resolution, what on earth would be?"

"If you would make up your mind, for instance, not to repeat gossip about your neighbor's faults, or not to waste your employer's time while you are in the office, or not to come late to Mass on Sunday, or not to be catty at home, or not to spend all your wages on vain clothes; in a word, if you would single out any one determined fault and make up your mind to exert yourself to overcome it, that would be a good resolution. To make a general resolution to avoid all your faults is the same as not making any resolution at all, for it cannot bring results."

"But I have so many faults! It wouldn't be worth while to stop just one of them."

"It is better to stop just one than not to stop any. You might go on all your life making general resolutions, and you would not stop even one. If you were to succeed in overcoming one fault each year, think how much progress you would make in ten, twenty, or thirty years. Of course, you should have the general intention of trying to overcome all your faults, but you should single out one as the object

of your constant and special endeavors. If you work against one fault through an honest supernatural motive and pray for grace to conquer it and keep a careful watch over yourself to avoid it and examine yourself daily to see how often you committed it, you are thereby indirectly working against all your faults."

"Does it make any difference what fault one chooses?" asked Bess.

"Not a great deal," replied the priest. "Of course, it is best to choose the fault which proceeds from your predominant passion, for that is the root and source of most of your other faults. By eradicating that fault, you go a long, long way towards eradicating all the others. You must bear in mind, however, that this means more than writing it on a New Year card and carrying it in your hand-bag—I beg your pardon, Madge—it means hard work and self-control and prayer and watchfulness. First of all, decide upon the fault you are going to strive to eradicate. Be very definite, very explicit, as to what you mean. Therefore, it is good to write it down. Tell your confessor of your decision and follow his counsel in the matter. Have a set time every day to examine yourself regarding this fault. I don't mean the general examination of conscience which every good Christian makes at the close of each day—no, I mean a special examination on this special fault. Listen to how you should conduct this special examination: First, say a short prayer for light; secondly, think over the past twenty-four hours and try to remember how many times you committed the fault, and, as far as possible, the circumstances under which you committed it, and the reason why you committed it; thirdly, humble yourself before God at the sight of your weakness and inconstancy. Don't despond, but humble yourself. There is all the distance from heaven to hell between humility and despondency. Despondency weakens; humility strengthens. Despondency draws you away from God; humility brings you nearer to Him. Fourthly, make a good act of contrition. Tell God you are sorry—not so much for your own sake as for His—not because that fault prevents you from being as nice as you should like to be, but because by it you offended your God while He deserves that you should love Him. Fifth, give a tangible proof of your sincerity by putting a penance on yourself. Mind, a real penance, not big, but something you will feel—no sugar in your coffee at breakfast, or something like that. Let the penance be pro-

portionate to the number of times you have committed the fault. Sixth, renew your resolution to be more careful than ever in avoiding the fault during the next twenty-four hours. See what particular means will enable you to succeed, and determine to use these means industriously. Lastly and principally, entreat Jesus and Mary, with all the earnestness in your power, to enable you to do better. Keep after one fault in this way until you have got control of it, then tackle another. Keep that up, day after day, year after year, and then, instead of stagnating in your spiritual life, you will make steady progress. By the time death comes, you will be able to lay some claim to the name of Christian, that is, follower of Christ."

"Dear me," sighed Madge, "is all that included in a good resolution?"

"Yes, when it's genuine. That is why I say: Heaven is paved with good resolutions."

"Well," said Larry, "since we must take the contract of paving one of the two places, it's better business for us to follow your specifications and escape the heat."

SOURCE OF STRENGTH

Dr. Foster Kennedy gives the following prescription for nervous people:

"The habit of prayer is both consoling and strengthening. It dissolves many of the irritations of everyday life.

"Prayer in the sense of a communion with the Infinite is a universal need. The question of whether or not you are a firm believer in some particular creed is not involved in this. One might hope that you are a professing Christian and that you can pray with the Christian's faith; but whether or not this be so, I must tell you that both the man with strong nerves and the man with weak ones finds new resources and strength in prayer. * * * Commune with God not only in the solitude of your home, but during the day's work."

A practice often recommended by your confessor or your pastor from the pulpit: Turn to God in the midst of your occupations, whatever they may be, is thus valued from a natural standpoint.

Where there is shame, there may in time be virtue.—*Johnson.*

The Finger of God

ST. LUKE 3: 1, 2

JOHN ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

"Now in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Caesar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea, and Herod being tetrarch of Galilee, and Philip his brother tetrarch of Iturea and the country of Trachonitis, and Lysanias tetrarch of Abilina; under the high-priests Annas and Caiphas: the word of the Lord was made unto John the son of Zachary in the desert."

Often have we heard these words read from the altar or the pulpit. Children listen to them with open-eyed wonder. Such a medley of names and titles has no meaning for them. Grown-up folks catch the hazy outlines of Rulers that lived long ago. Some may wish for a closer view of them.

THE WORLD-POWER.

1. "*Tiberius Caesar.*" He was the third in the series of great Roman Rulers: Julius Caesar, Augustus, then Tiberius. He was born in Rome on the sixteenth of November, 42 B. C. When he was about four years old, his mother, Livia Domilla, was forced to divorce her lawful husband and marry the triumvir Octavian, who later became the Emperor Augustus. Thus mother and child entered the imperial palace and family. Livia knew how to rule her husband, the great Augustus, by an air of charming submission; and she maintained her ascendancy over Tiberius, her son, by unrelenting firmness. It was her ambition to rule. To place the scepter of the world into the hands of her son was the one purpose of her crafty schemes and bloody crimes. For more than forty years (38 B. C. until 4 A. D.) she toiled and plotted. Augustus showed no love for Tiberius. One after another all the rivals of Tiberius had to be removed: Marcellus, Agrippa, the mainstay of Augustus' throne, Caius and Lucius Caesar, the grandsons of Augustus. Yet Livia triumphed and Tiberius ruled. Before his accession to the throne, Tiberius spent most of his life in the camp and won the reputation of the greatest soldier of the age. His first campaign was made in Spain, where the rebel tribes were almost exterminated. In B. C. 20 he was sent to Armenia. There he crowned King Tigranes, and so thoroughly cowed the Parthians that they sur-

rendered standards which they had taken from the defeated armies of Crassus. In B. C. 15, he assisted Drusus in subduing the Raeti and Vindelici among the rugged defiles of the Alps. In B. C. 11 he conquered the Pannonians and marked the course of the Danube with monuments of his victories. In B. C. 8, he traversed Germany to the banks of the Elbe. Now fortune veered round and the seven years between B. C. 5 and A. D. 2 were spent in humiliation and exile on the Island of Rhodes. At length in 4 A. D. he was acknowledged as successor by Augustus. From A. D. 5-10, he is once more in command of the Roman armies, first in Germany, then in Dalmatia, then in Germany again; always triumphant. About the year 11 A. D. he returned to Rome and there shared the government of the empire with Augustus, till the latter's death on August nineteenth, A. D. 14.

2. *"The reign of Tiberius Caesar."* He ruled the empire for about 23 years, from 14 to 37 A. D. As he had shown distinguished military ability in camp, so he now displayed administrative talent of a high order while upon the throne. His first care was to secure his grip upon the scepter. He therefore took away the elective powers from the people and vested them in the Senate; he then cunningly manipulated the membership of the Senate so as to forge it into a serviceable tool to execute all his wishes. His reign was a period of unclouded peace, for it was his consistent policy to remain content with the limits of the empire as he had received them from Augustus. When a menace of war loomed up, he sought to dispel it rather by the arts of diplomacy than the butchery of the battle field. The army and navy were well disciplined, but also well paid. He banished oppression from the provinces and brought security to the citizens at home. The treasury of Rome was swollen by the accumulated wealth which his sane economy had amassed.

3. *"In the fifteenth year of his reign."* History records his ability, but also his abuse of power. Cruelty and debauchery are the charges that cling to his name. We must remember that his age was an age of paganism. We must also consider his temperament which was melancholy, suspicious, ambitious. By a strange coincidence, this fifteenth year which looms so prominently into our Gospel story was also a turning-point in the personal conduct of the Emperor. It ran from August 14, A. D. 28, to August 14, A. D. 29. Livia, the Emperor's mother, died in the early part of A. D. 29. Tacitus, the cele-

brated Roman historian, indicates the course of events. "From that moment his tyranny became headlong and violent. While his mother lived there remained a refuge for his victims, for he ever respected her. Even his favorite, Sejanus, dared not clash with her. Her death freed them from all restraint." (Annalium, lib. V. n. 3.) Thenceforth a stream of blood stains every year of his reign.

IN THE GRIP OF TIBERIUS.

The territories comprised within the vast organism of the Roman empire were governed in various ways. Some were administered in the name of the Senate. These were the provinces already pacified and securely held. There was no great division of the army here. Others were administered by the Emperor. These were usually such as required the presence of a strong garrison. The Imperial provinces were of two classes. Those of the first class were such as could easily be adjusted to normal methods of Roman administration. The larger ones were under a "Consular Legate" who had several legions of the army under his command. The smaller ones were controlled by a "Proprietor" who had but one legion at his disposal. Those of the second class were the territories in which some special arrangement was required. These were administered in the name of the Emperor by his representative called the "Procurator." Sometimes a native ruler was left in command under the title of king or of tetrarch.

1. Judea. "*Pontius Pilate being Governor of Judea.*" Pontius Pilate was the Procurator of Judea. His term of office embraced ten years, about A. D. 27-37. We have given some details of his personal career in a past issue of the LIGUORIAN (see LIGUORIAN for April, 1919). The Procurator's usual place of residence was Caesarea, which lay about sixty miles northeast of Jerusalem on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. His military force consisted only of auxiliaries. Roman armies were made up of two chief classes of soldiers. The legionaries were recruited only from such as enjoyed the privilege of Roman citizenship. The auxiliaries were drafted from the native population of subject territories. These forces were stationed in different cities, or encamped in positions of strategic importance. His judiciary powers were full and complete throughout the land. In Judea, however, the Procurators rarely exercised it, leaving both civil and criminal cases to the Jewish tribunals. Executions were committed to the soldiers. His principal duties and interests lay in the

field of finance. He had to collect the imposts and taxes to be remitted to the imperial treasury.

2. The neighboring regions. St. Luke goes on to show how the grasp of Rome rested firmly on all the surrounding territories.

a. *"And Herod being tetrarch of Galilee."* Here we may notice the person, his title, and his territory. The person here indicated must be distinguished from Herod surnamed the Great. Herod the Great who commanded the slaughter of the Holy Innocents was father to Herod Antipas. Herod Antipas was the one who put St. John the Baptist to death, and mocked our Lord in His bitter Passion. He ruled about forty years. His true title was that of "tetrarch" as given here. The title "tetrarch" was originally applied to chieftains or lesser kinglets who ruled in a region divided into four sections, only one of which was subject to his sway. Upon the death of Herod the Great, which occurred but a few months after the birth of Christ, his kingdom was divided into four parts. Two parts were allotted to his son Archelaus. A third part was given to Herod Antipas, with whom we are concerned just now. The fourth part fell to Herod Philip, of whom we shall speak in the next paragraph. The territory of Herod Antipas comprised Galilee, the region in which Nazareth, Cana and Capernaum were situated, and Perea, the country east of the Jordan River.

b. *"And Philip, his brother being tetrarch of Iturea and the country of Trachonitis."* Here we must again distinguish two persons easily confused. Herod the Great had two sons that bore the name of Philip. Philip, sometimes designated as the First, had been the lawful husband of Herodias and father of Salome, the ill-famed dancing-girl that requested the beheading of St. John the Baptist. Little is known of him. The Philip to whom we now refer is sometimes called the Second. This one married Salome. Of all the sons of Herod he is considered the ablest and sanest ruler. His reign of about 30 years was gentle, just and peaceful. His territory lay north of Perea and the Decapolis, and east of Lake Genesareth and the upper stretches of the Jordan River. He rebuilt the ancient city of Paneas and called it Caesarea. In order to distinguish this city from Caesarea on the seaboard, it was generally known as Caesarea Philippi.

c. *"And Lysanias tetrarch of Abilina."* Lysanias owes all his celebrity to this short reference in the Gospel of St. Luke. Otherwise

very little is known of him. Rationalistic writers have tried to convict St. Luke of a blunder in this. They contend that Lysanias was killed at the request of Mark Antony over sixty years before the time when St. John the Baptist commenced his preaching. Their imputation appears very rash, for the documents of that time show that Lysanias was a very common name. Besides, the person put to death by Antony ruled over a much larger territory. His capital-city was Chalcis, not Abila. Moreover an extant inscription testifies that a "Lysanias the tetrarch" actually reigned about the time indicated in St. Luke's Gospel. His territory is named Abilina from its capital, Abila. Abila (nowadays called Suk] lay about 18 miles west of Damascus on the banks of the Barada.

3. Even the religious conditions are affected by Rome. "*Under the high-priests Annas and Caiphas.*" According to the law of Moses, the high-priest should hold office for life. Now the highest dignity of the Olden Church has become a prize to be won by money, or by obsequious flattery. It is bestowed at the whim of kings and procurators. In the same capricious way the holders of office are despoiled of power when the civil magistrate finds such a change to his interest. Such a debased condition, however, could never have come to pass, if the candidates for the high-priestly office were not seriously at fault themselves.

In our text two names are given. St. Luke does not mean to say that both held office simultaneously. Yet both could bear the title, for this title was permanently assigned to all who had once held the office; it was even extended to all priestly members of a high-priest's family. Accordingly Annas could well receive the title now for he had held office from A. D. 6 to 15. He is even accorded some sort of precedence over Caiphas. This is usually accounted for on two grounds. First: Annas was personally so far superior to Caiphas in mental ability as to be able to manipulate him as a mere tool. Second: his prestige in the eyes of the people who revered him as most felicitous of men, as the head of a family of high-priests, since five of his sons held that office.

Caiphas was the son-in-law of Annas. He was appointed to the office of high-priesthood by the Procurator Valerius Gratus, in A. D. 18, when Simon, the son of Kamith, was ejected. He himself was deposed by Vitellius, the consul of Syria, in the year 36 A. D. Conse-

quently he spent nearly 18 years in office. Now this is most surprising at a time when high-priests were succeeding each other at brief intervals. This unusually long tenure of office can be explained only by his baseness and servility. He played the part of a willing and cowardly slave before the Roman officials. During his term of office many opportunities presented themselves when he should have championed the civic and religious interests of his people and resisted the encroachments of Rome. Yet history does not record a single instance when Caiphas took up the protests of his people justly enraged by the outrages and sacrileges of the Procurators. When Pilate ordered the standards of Rome with the images of the Caesars upon them, to be carried into the Holy City; when he seized the temple treasures and massacred thousands of Jews in cold blood; the nation protested indignantly. But Caiphas held aloof. His silence affords the best evidence of his servility toward Rome.

HOW GOD INTERFERES.

"The word of the Lord was made unto John the son of Zachary in the desert."

1. Opposed to the colossal world-power, we see only God's word. That will suffice for His purpose. However, we must not overlook the force of the phrase: "the word of the Lord was made to * * *." This phrase occurs frequently and its invariable meaning is this, that he to whom God's word comes is thereby chosen to be a Prophet. (E. g., read Jeremiah I, 2, 4, 11; II, 1, etc.)

2. Opposed to the proud officials of earthly empire, we see only an unknown hermit: John the son of Zachary. How different is God's choice from the preferences of men! Wealth, nobility, prestige possess little charm in the eyes of God. Poverty, obscurity, weakness seem to be the qualities that win His favor.

3. Opposed to the prosperous provinces and flourishing kingdoms, we see only a desert. Probably this points to the deserts west of the Jordan and above Jericho, where once the Prophet Elias tarried and where Jesus Himself will soon come to seek an abode. In this desert St. John had spent most of his life. Here God had prepared him for his sublime ministry by long years of penance and prayer. In fact, his entire life may be summarized in the words of St. Luke: "And the child grew and was strengthened in spirit; and was in the deserts until the day of his manifestation to Israel." (1/80.)

The King Comes Riding

A TALE OF THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

When Mary Elizabeth Patterson made up her mind to do something, action resulted. And she had made up her mind that Willis Ford would be home with his parents for Christmas or she would know the reason why.

The Christmas-Eve party at the Patterson home was at its height when she swung into the driveway to the garage in order to replenish her stock of gasoline before setting out on her journey. As she finished filling the tank, her brother, attracted by the light outside, left the house and hurried to the garage.

"Oh!" he gasped. "It's only you, Sis. I thought maybe Santa Claus had brought me my car. Shucks!" Then, as he turned away, a new idea struck him. Mary was evidently preparing to go out. A chance for blackmail!

"Where you goin', Sis?" he asked innocently.

"Never mind. Get into the house before you catch your death of cold!" snapped his sister.

"Humph! Guess dad and ma will like to know that you are out driving on a night like this!" He turned away slowly, to allow time for the reply he knew would follow.

"Come here, nuisance!" He did so with an alacrity Mary failed to notice. "I do not want Daddy to know that I am out yet; to-morrow will be time enough. I have a surprise for them—and I do not want it spoiled. Here's a quarter to keep still."

"All right, Sis," he answered as he took the money, "but it's worth a half easily." He made a hurried exit as his sister started for him. A quarter was better than nothing anyhow.

With a roar and a grinding of the gears as she shifted over-fast, the girl made off for the station. The snow had stopped falling, but the night was still cloudy. Along the streets, the lights fell on an almost unbroken field of white, turning the uppermost layers into clusters of diamonds. The silence was profound. But her mind was too occupied with her new problem to dwell long on the beauties of this Christmas Eve.

At the station, she learned that Willis had purchased a ticket to Plainville, forty miles away. Strange! Why not to Chicago while he was at it. Then she remembered the shopping trip of the afternoon and guessed that he had had no more money with him. But what would he do at Plainville? He had no friends or relatives there that she knew of. Well, the highway led through that town and forty miles was not bad, so without more ado, she turned the car out into the snow-covered road, shifted into high and was off.

The old station agent knew the Fords and the Pattersons. He had known them for years; and the friendship of Willis and Mary had been a topic of interest to him since both had entered the era of life when friendships of that kind are prone to develop into something serious. So the old man took up his telephone and called first the Fords, then the Pattersons. The answers he received threw him into consternation. Willis had run away and Mary was after him; and this was Christmas! Something had to be done. He telegraphed the agent at Plainville to refuse to sell a ticket to a certain young man whom he described at length with meticulous accuracy, and to hold him there under any pretext till he would receive further news. Then he called his friend, the constable, who, he knew, had a car. It was only a Ford, but it could be counted on. He put up the receiver with relief when he learned that old Constable Smith had taken the road after Mary and the fleeing Willis.

Willis meanwhile was having a poor time of it on the train. First of all it traveled with disgusting slowness. Then the Christmas crowd left little spare room, and he wanted to get into a corner where he could not be seen. He went through coach after coach without finding an empty seat till he came to the smoker. Here there were seats enough; but the company as he soon learned was heterogenous in the extreme. Most of them had anticipated Christmas in their celebrations and the odor of raw whisky was distinctly noticeable. One jovial lad, his seat-companion, offered him a flask and when he refused it angrily, laughed boisterously and so attracted the notice of several others. They being in that stage of inebriation when tears and sentiment are near the surface, immediately crowded around and rebuked the fellow for trying to lead the boy astray. And one, more deeply in that stage than the rest, pulled Willis aside, and began to give him advice regarding the drink habit. With a breath that could never have

been held near an exposed flame he exhorted Willis "to let the stuff alone, young man, let it alone. It gets them all. Look at those fellows in this car. Most of them drunk; see. Look at them again; most of them have families waiting for them at home. And the bootlegger is trimming a Christmas tree and hangin' on presents and maybe tunin' up his car to take his family out to church in the morning. And these are drunk, dead drunk!" He waved his arm unsteadily as he spoke. A sudden jerk of the train sent him sprawling into the seat opposite to Willis as he spoke the last words. The occupant of that seat thought he was addressed. An angry altercation ensued, in the midst of which, Willis arose and made his way back to the other car.

While he sat staring out of the window at the blank darkness, a crisp business-like voice awakened him from a desultory reverie.

"Ticket, please." First he reached for it; then realized that he had given the conductor his ticket long ago. He tried to explain.

"Then where's your train-check?" asked the conductor with a smile that said plainer than words: "Try a new one. I'm used to that line."

"I must have left it in the smoker," answered Willis confidently.

"All right, go get it. You can't expect me to follow every passenger wherever he goes and carry his train-check for him. Get it and keep it with you." Willis went back to the smoker, found the angry discussion still in full force, with a few extra individuals taking a more or less active part. He looked for his train-check; but the metal holder on the window frame held only one and that was obviously the property of one of the disputants. There was nothing to do but trust to the forgetfulness of the conductor. But conductors do not forget.

"Ticket, please," came the same crisp tones a few minutes later. And when neither ticket nor train-check was in evidence, Willis found himself unceremoniously escorted to the door and left at the station of Maytown. Thirty-five miles from home, five miles from his destination; and with no prospects of being freed from his predicament till some kind person would give or loan him the money to travel and he could catch the next train—that would stop at this dingy station! Bright prospects on Christmas Eve! But better, he thought, than staying at home to fight with his father and cause bitterness in the family. The glow of righteousness ensuing on this reflection vanished when

he realized that he would have to spend the next few hours sleeping on one of the hard benches in the station. Rather than submit to this new indignity, he resolved to take his chances on the road.

Mary found the road in excellent condition till she reached the city limits. Then, with the open fields giving it full play, the wind had frisked and frolicked and piled the snow up in fantastic drifts, beautiful to behold but disastrous to the speedy driver. And Mary wanted speed. The Buick responded splendidly to the touch of the accelerator and the drifts were attacked in quick succession. She groaned, however, when she noticed that the speedometer registered a scant twenty-five miles an hour. That meant the train, slow as it was, would reach Plainville in plenty of time to allow Willis to negotiate somehow for another ticket. She wished she had wired ahead to stop him.

Then there came a stretch of comparatively even road and she let the car out. Suddenly in the glare of the headlights, she spied a figure tramping beside the road. She had just time enough to swerve aside before hitting him.

Willis saw the speeding Buick, thought of Mary and her car, and strengthened the resolution that had taken him on this journey from home. It needed strengthening, too; the latest developments had undermined its firmness somewhat. He wondered dimly, whether he was altogether right in his mode of action. Another car, this time a Ford, sounded its klaxon lustily and he stepped aside. But it did not pause. Wayside robberies had long since taught drivers the wisdom of preferring prudence and safety to charity when the hour is late and the night is dark. The boy dug his hands deep into his pockets and trudged on. Suddenly he noticed that his fingers were clutching something nervously, something cold, metallic. Then it dawned on him, that he had one companion with him, a friend he could always count on, his rosary. He began to recite it in gasps while he slipped and floundered on the uncertain footing.

The station-master's telephone message to the Ford and the Patterson families had done more than stir up excitement and comment. At the latter home, Mr. Patterson had just prepared to don a Santa Claus suit for the climax of the evening when he heard the bell ring. Without alarming his wife, he called one of the guests, told him to take his place in the evening's festivities and calling his wife aside,

explained the situation to her. Fortunately his own automobile was in good order, so he hurried over to the Ford's. There he found the entire family in consternation. The scene of the earlier evening had been practically reenacted after the telephone message concerning Willis. Although they knew that Mary had set out after the boy, they never realized what such a trip meant till the old man in the station brought its reality vividly before them with his message.

As soon as Mr. Patterson arrived, he saw that there had been a scene and tactfully asked Mr. Ford to come down with him to "fix the furnace." The term was an old joke between them. Mr. Ford winced; but acquiesced.

"Well, what'll we do about it?" asked Mary's father.

"I don't know what we can do," responded Mr. Ford, as he indicated the hidden stores of liquor. "Willis is beyond my control; and Mary has simply taken things into her own hands."

"That's about it," agreed her father. "She's had her own way so long that she just naturally does things without letting me know. Imagine the insanity of driving that distance on a night like this!"

The two old men stood for a while in silence. The dim light of the solitary tungsten brought out into sharp relief the lines that the day's illness had drawn in Mr. Ford's countenance. But there was a new light in his eye; the fire of determination.

"By George, old pal, there's only one thing to do. I have my Marmon out in the garage. Suppose we go after them."

"And I called her insane! Well, they say there's no fool like an old fool. Trot out the speed machine and we'll prove the truth of the old saying. It's not that I am afraid of anything happening to Mary; she has good sense; but on a night like this, tires can blow and carburetors can become clogged. Better take a bracer before you go, old man; it's pretty cold outside."

Mr. Ford waved his guest's offer aside. "I'm off of it forever," he remarked, as he hurried up the steps.

In a few minutes he had donned his heavy wraps, and after telling his wife of the new project, joined his friend in the hall. Together, they set out in the powerful machine, following the traces left by the fleet Buick. The stars, just beginning to peep between the last of the snowclouds, saw an odd procession on the state highway. A speeding motor-car dizzily careening over the last bridge that separated it from

the distant town; a mile or two to the rear, a muffled figure slowly trudging through the snow; a mile back of the figure, a little Ford bravely trying to keep in the track left by the first car; and many miles back of it, a powerful machine of racing design spouting showers of snow to each side as it roared its way through the night.

The conductor of the "Christmas Special," as the gay riders had dubbed the slow night accommodation-train, entered the station of Plainville in hilarious mood. His run would soon be over and he would be able to enjoy the feast. Already he had dreams of the Christmas-tree lit up with a host of colored electric lights, and the toys sprinkled around in generous profusion. He would arrive in time to catch the first of the little ones creeping down the stairs to take a peep at what Santy had brought them. The station agent disturbed his dreams.

"Say, Bill, did you have a young man on your trip that answers to this description. I've been searching the passengers that got off and there's no one like him among them. Joe wired a little while ago about him."

"Let's see your description. There's so many getting on and off that it's almost beyond me to remember them all." He read the message and tried to recall the several hundred persons he had seen during the trip so far. "Was supposed to get off here, eh? Joe ought to know, of course. He sold him the ticket. The only thing that could have happened is that he got off somewhere between towns. By George, that's the young smart aleck I kicked off the train at Mayfield. Had no ticket, and tried to bluff me. He's somewhere on the road by this time, I suppose."

"Great Scott, man, that's a friend of Joe's."

"Can't be helped, Bill. It's a cold night and Christmas Eve, I know; but he might have been a spotter for all of me. Orders are orders, and you know how we catch it if we juggle the fares. Sorry, Bill. All aboard!" He waved to the engineer and the "Christmas Special" pulled out.

At the same time a Buick, with its fenders covered with snow, drove up to the station platform. A bundle of gray fur with the nattiest of winter turbans topping it and a pair of great driving gloves marking the extremities of two ponderous gray arms, and a face that would have honored the most artistic of magazine covers peering from

between the upturned gray collar, jumped out of the car and rushed into the station and up to the station agent

"Did any one buy a ticket this evening for that train that left a little while ago?"

"Plenty, miss; strange to say." The agent was a dry customer with "these here modern vamps!"

"Was one of them a young man, who seemed in a hurry to get away?"

"Most of them do, when they take a train from this place," he replied as he began to page over some of his records. "Maybe it's the atmosphere, maybe the lack of it. But they hurry to get out, night or day."

Mary was nettled; almost angry enough to cry. She told him the story of her trip; and the agent's interest was aroused. In turn he explained what he had heard from the conductor.

"The brute!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing. "Maybe he's frozen some place along the road. Well, will you wire back to your friend Joe that Willis did not reach Plainville. He knows our families and will notify them in case they inquire. Thanks, and Merry Christmas! Wish you were a conductor!" The old man grinned his appreciation of the delicate compliment as the bundle of gray fur rushed out of the station. She realized the truth. The figure she had passed on the way must have been Willis. A roar, a grind—(women will grind the gears!)—a spurt of snow and the Buick was off, back to the highway and home. About thirty minutes later, the constable arrived and the station agent began to understand the importance of the people he was dealing with. Incidentally he surmised that he had just missed being the hero in a pretty romance. He spent the rest of his shift dreaming of the role he would have played in that capacity. In imagination he could hear the organ playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March, when his relief arrived, and his Christmas had begun.

Out on the road, Willis was having a strenuous time. The night was cold and getting steadily colder. His feet were numb and hard to manage. Just when he was seriously thinking of hunting for some haystack or barn in which to take shelter till morning, he spied a row of lights on a hill. Light means cheer and warmth; his heart needed the former, his body the latter; both badly. He hurried as fast as he could. As he neared the lights, he noticed that a number of

cars were parked outside, their red lights gleaming fantastically in the dark. Then he perceived the outlines of the building in which the lights were located. A church! Open at that hour. It meant only one thing: Catholics were going to have midnight Mass. It would be warm—and consoling! He hurried on past the people standing in groups outside; past the last of the cars located directly in front of the church, into the welcome doors, into a haven of light and warmth and cheer and devotion. With a sigh of relief he genuflected, sank into one of the last pews, then listened with delight as a choir of children began the "Adeste Fideles." The priest came out on the altar, Mass was begun; it was Christmas.

The big Marmon rushed into Plainville as the constable, after ransacking the town for "clues" had prepared to take up the journey home. He recognized Mr. Ford's car and hailed it. Together, the three men held a consultation. The upshot was a mutual act of self-condemnation on the score of general stupidity. All realized that they had passed a car just before they had entered town; the constable had recognized it as a Buick; Mr. Ford had even noted the license number; none had even guessed that it might be Mary. So the procession started homeward.

"At least, we can be thankful for one thing, old man," remarked Mr. Patterson as he noted the depression in his friend's face, "the precious two are somewhere between this place and home, and somewhere near the highway. And now that we have demonstrated that there's more truth than poetry in the old saying concerning antiquated fools, let's go!" Go they did.

Mary, however, did not feel so cheerful about the outcome of the trip. With the temperature steadily dropping, it could easily happen that Willis might be overcome by the cold somewhere in the open. Even if he did not freeze to death, he would contract some disease that might be deadly. With a number of other equally dismal possibilities in her mind, she resolved to search that highway till morning if necessary. However, when she came to the cars parked before the neat, little country church, and heard the music of Christmas coming from it, curiosity got the better of her. And she determined to enter, at least for a few minutes. After parking her car, she hurried in. The people were standing for the Gloria. When they had seated themselves she looked for a place. An accommodating usher ap-

proached, beckoned to her and began to walk forward. But she did not intend to stay, so without following him, she slipped into the nearest empty seat—stumbled on a peculiar ridge they had placed beneath the pews and fell against the nearest occupant. She began to murmur an apology, then put her hands across her mouth to restrain a scream. Willis stared at her!

When the party in the Marmon reached town, Mr. Ford drove to the Patterson home directly. He intended to leave his friend at the door and hurry home with the latest news to his wife. Both, however, were surprised to find Mrs. Patterson awaiting them. It was almost two o'clock in the morning, and the party had broken up fully an hour before. She called both of them into the house.

They entered, sheepish enough, and without a word followed her into the drawing room where the Christmas tree had been erected and was still aglow. Both stopped and stared. Willis and Mary, who had been examining the gifts, turned. Mrs. Patterson, with a smile, began to speak before the two men could say anything.

"I called you in for the purpose of announcing the engagement of my daughter Mary to Mr. Willis Ford. Now don't waste time in congratulations. Get to bed, mister; and you, two," to Willis and his father, "had better hurry home as fast as you can go." They looked at each other, these two men, shook their heads, and with a word of greeting parted. These youngsters were the limit!

Early Mass was over. Father Muldoon had been surprised to find a check for a thousand dollars in the collection. "Restoring or rather getting rid of ill-gotten money," Mr. Ford had thought as he put it in the box. Mr. Ford was happy. He was sitting in front of the Christmas tree, awaiting the time to go to the late Mass, when Iola ran in to greet him. She was still in a quandary.

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Mr. Ford looked out of the window at his son and future daughter-in-law throwing snowballs at each other. Then he buried his face in the tangled mass of curls to hide a tear.

"Presents, Iola child! I should say He does; more than the world knows about—or that money can buy."

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The Paths of Light

JOHN LAWSON STODDARD: CONVERT

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This brought our earnest thinker to the portals of eternity, to the theme of immortality.

WHITHER BOUND.

The very sight of all mankind, playing their various parts on the stage of life and then hastily departing, flashed the question at him like a title flashed on the screen.

"What means this endless flood of souls arriving, who knows whence, departing who knows whither; these inconceivable billions passing, like grains of sand in an hour glass, through countless centuries that are gone, and through unnumbered centuries yet to come?"

It was good, it seems to me, that he looked at the question in this massive, all-embracing way. To look upon his own soul in its isolation, and grasp the question in an individualistic way, would obscure its wider relations to God. It might easily lead to some philosophy such as that of Omar Kayyam—a philosophy of doubt—whose principle is:

"Make the most of what ye yet may spend
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TEACHERS AT VARIANCE.

Stoddard knew well that views professed by men who affect a critical attitude differed on this question. Omar said: "We do not know; let's be merry now." George Eliot said: "I see no hope for humanity except one grand simultaneous act of suicide." Materialists say: "There is no soul; why speak about immortality?"

If the materialist has any argument, it comes in some form to this—hide it as he may under verbiage: "If by some accident your skull is injured, or if you lose a little of its contents, you cannot think as once you could, your memory is impaired, or you no longer give to things their proper names. This proves that thought is a product of matter, and that there is no such thing as a soul."

Of course, it does not prove anything of the sort, as Stoddard saw;

for another hypothesis must be taken into account: the body may be only the instrument of the soul.

"As Beethoven could not have properly played one of his own symphonies if an octave had been broken out of the keyboard of the piano, so he could not have composed that symphony if he had lost a considerable portion of his brain. The injured instrument fetters the action of the master." Or would anyone say that Beethoven was a part of the piano?"

In fact this is the explanation that is forced on us, when we see science, after all its investigation, compelled to admit that consciousness and other acts, called mental, cannot be explained in the terms of bodily action, because they are so different.

"Scientists confess that there is no glimmering of the way in which energy, evolved thus by the destruction of brain-pulp, is changed into the phenomena of consciousness; no explanation how pulp-vibration is transformed into thought and feeling; and an unfathomed abyss still stretches out beyond the most adventurous physiologist." Yes, and it will ever stretch out beyond him.

But says the materialist: "We have dissected the body and never found a soul. Therefore there is none!" Stoddard reasons: "This is just as unreasonable as to say that there is no God because we can find no trace of His presence in the lines of the solar spectrum!"

But—a final pretense—science cannot prove that the soul is immortal; therefore we do not hold it. No, replies Stoddard, nor can applied science prove that it is not immortal. Nor do we ask science, which deals with material things, to prove this. The soul is different from body, though presiding over the body like the master over his instrument. But if, from other sources of certainty, the survival of the soul is borne in upon us—as by philosophy and common sense—then we must accept it.

This is just the case. Stoddard went through all the evidence that can be derived from our insatiate craving for knowledge, the triumph of good and man's craving for a compensation of the inequalities of justice in this life, our desire for happiness, and the conviction of almost all mankind. To this he adds the witness of our Divine Saviour, so definite and positive and emphatic.

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date of volition numberless points along that thread of consciousness, another name for which is memory. The molecules of the brain, the eye, the ear and other sections of the bodily sensorium are not the same as when the incidents, thus recalled, made their impression upon the sensitive nerves, yet the enduring soul which has survived these changes, can remember them! Faces and landscapes, voices and words, music and even subtle odors—all present themselves; for, though the tablet on which they were registered has changed its composition, the soul can read at will the record, as heat brings out on a faded manuscript the words once inscribed there with invisible ink."

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He had now considered the two poles—God and man. Between these poles flashed a light—God spoke to man—Revelation.

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"That some divine Revelation would be given to man," argues Stoddard, "is therefore antecedently probable."

The other great convert and thinker, Cardinal Newman, had argued similarly before him: "Revelation comes to you, then, recommended and urged upon you by the most favorable anticipations of reason. The very difficulties of nature make it likely that a revelation should be made; the very mysteries of creation call for some act on the part of the Creator, by which those mysteries shall be alleviated to you or compensated. * * * You cannot help expecting it from the hands of the All-merciful, unworthy as you feel yourselves of it. It is not that you can claim it, but that He inspires the hope of it; it is not that you are worthy of the gift, but it is the gift which is worthy of the Creator. * * * The very fact that there is a Creator, and a hidden one, powerfully bears you on and sets you down at the very threshold of a Revelation, and leaves you there, looking up earnestly for divine tokens that a Revelation has been made."

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"A revelation implies a revealer; a message claims a messenger. Christ claimed to be that messenger."

This was the next step toward conversion. It was logical. Christ's words upon this point are unmistakable. Christ, therefore, and His message must be studied.

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

It is the question Our Lord Himself flashed at his enemies, the Pharisees, the challenge He threw down to them.

Stoddard heard, as did we all, at the time of the war, the loud, if not logical, cry: Christianity has failed,—and understood the condemnation of Christ which it involved. But he saw the fallacy clearly. "Christendom had failed, not Christianity; men who professed Christianity failed to adhere to its teaching; it was not the Gospel of Christ that failed; or as Chesterton put it: "Christianity was found not in accordance with their wishes, and was not tried."

He considers the life and work of Christ and seems overwhelmed by the combination in it of littleness and greatness, feebleness and power, failure and triumph. It had not always struck him so forcibly:

"I knew what I had *tried* to think of Him for many years, but that humanitarian view of Him now seemed to me impossible. Again I studied His extraordinary life. What were the facts disclosed? Born in a manger; of lowly origin; dwelling for thirty years not only in a conquered country, but in Galilee, an insignificant province of that country, and in one of the obscurest and least esteemed villages of that province, Nazareth; a member of a narrow and self-centered race; speaking not one of the world's great languages, Greek or Latin, but a dialect of Aramaic; pursuing the humble occupation of a carpenter; leaving no record of His personal appearance, or of His views concerning science, history, art, literature or philosophy; associating all His life with simple, poor, uneducated people; having no wealth, and wishing to acquire none; winning His followers by no earthly favors; taking no part in politics; protected by no influential friends in either the Roman government circles or the Jewish priesthood; on the contrary, denouncing many of Jerusalem's aristocrats as "whited sepulchers, hypocrites, and broods of vipers"; selecting His disciples and future Apostles among humble fishermen; founding no philosophical school; never writing a line Himself, or dictating a line to others; living for three years only in the public gaze; and finally, before reach-

ing middle life, dying by the shameful death of the Cross, between two thieves, and owing his place of burial and even His ceremonies to the bounty of a stranger!

"Could anything seem less likely than such a record to transform the world? Yet, in spite of all these apparently insurmountable obstacles to success, Jesus of Nazareth has affected human thought, human character, human ideals, and human history more than all the other children of mankind combined; has won the adoring love of countless millions; and has been worshiped as the Son of God for nineteen hundred years!"

This was simply the fulfillment of Christ's claim and the proof of it.

NO OTHER CHRIST.

He compares Christ with other great teachers of mankind and pretended bearers of a divine message, and finds them infinitely below Christ. About none of them does the judgment of free-thinking rationalists as well as devout believers tally so completely. He finds that Renan, Rousseau, Harnack, only repeat in other words the impressive judgment passed upon Christ by the dying Napoleon:

"I know men, and I tell you that Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and whatever other religion the distance of infinity. Between Christ and whomsoever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison. * * * His birth, the history of His life, the profundity of His doctrine, His Gospel, His apparition, His empire, His march across the ages and realms—everything is for me a prodigy, a mystery insoluble. * * * Here I see nothing human. * * * His revelation is a revelation from an intelligence certainly not human. * * *

"You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander; of their conquests and of the enthusiasm they kindled in the hearts of their soldiers; but can you conceive of a *dead* man making conquests with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory? My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power. A single battle lost crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends. * * * How different is the power of the God of the Christians, and the perpetual miracle of the progress of the faith and

government of His Church! Nations pass away, thrones crumble, but the Church remains.

"It is true that Christ proposes to our faith a series of mysteries; but He commands with authority that we should believe them, giving no other reason than those tremendous words—*I am God!* What an abyss He creates by that declaration between Himself and all the fabricators of religion! What audacity, what sacrilege, what blasphemy, if it were not true!"

Upon great and lowly, educated and illiterate, the person and life of Our Lord make the same impression.

"MY LORD AND MY GOD."

"Pondering all these things," continues our convert, "I made the words of the Centurion my own: Truly this was the Son of God. I felt it was more difficult to believe that such a unique character as Jesus, was an ordinary man, than to believe Him to have been God incarnate."

In fact, His miracles, especially His resurrection, forced this conclusion upon him in sheer logic. Like Thomas, when shown the Master's wounds, he bowed to the evident, and exclaimed: My Lord and my God!

"Convinced, therefore, that Jesus was God incarnate, my next step was to ascertain what He had done to ensure the continuance of His kingdom upon earth, to perpetuate His teachings."

Did He write a book? Did He order one to be written? Or did He leave a Church with power to represent Him and act in His name and authority?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DO YOU OWN YOUR OWN HOME?

This is what millions of people aspire to—this is their aim or at least their hope. It is the best policy. It will remove many of the dangers and disadvantages of the apartment building.

But there is another home we can own if we wish. The first Sunday in Advent with its reminder of Judgment recalls it to us.

We can buy it not with money or power—but only with merits. Are you thinking about it? Get busy. Every duty—be it ever so insignificant—well done, will help to pay the price.

A Powerful Intercessor

VEN. FATHER PETER DONders C. SS. R.

A. STRYBOS, C.Ss.R. (BELGIUM).

Under the title of powerful intercessor, I wish to introduce to the American people, the Venerable Father Peter Donders, the late apostle to the lepers in the mission of the Dutch West Indies or Surinam.

Almost everything in his highly favored life shows that he was guided in an especial manner by Divine Providence. Without this assumption the story of his vocation to the priesthood, indeed the story of all of his life would seem sheer romance.

Born on the 27th of October, 1809, of poor but deeply religious parents, Father Donders was favored from the early age of six years with a strong inclination to become a priest of the Most High. It was not until the age of twenty-two, however, that the way to the realization of this heavenly call was opened to him. Then, acting as a servant at the Seminary, he was allowed to follow the classes and to fill up his little available leisure with preparing his studies.

In the meantime, he was an eager reader of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, and these books awakened in his heart such an ardent desire for a missionary's life that his superiors thought him to be called to some missionary order.

When he made his application, disappointment rewarded his efforts. The Jesuits, the Redemptorists and the Franciscans refused him admittance, owing either to his poor health or to his lack of the requisite education.

Undaunted in his purpose, however, he returned to the Seminary, trusting firmly in Providence, which rewarded his childlike confidence by leading him safely on even to the priesthood.

A year later, he departed in a poor sailing vessel for the foreign mission of Surinam. The trip lasted seven weeks. It was a journey full of sacrifices, of which the lack of Holy Mass, due to the want of a chalice, was not the smallest.

On arriving in his newly adopted country, he devoted himself to the salvation of souls, working and praying from morning till night, either in the town of Paramaribo or in some of the remoter plantations; often quite alone, always at the cost of unheard-of trials and fatigue.

The principal task of his life, however, was the care of the lepers in the old leper-colony of Batavia. There it was that he spent twenty-six years of his life; twenty-six years of utter self-denial devoted to the tenderest care of the poorest of the poor. He did not confine his efforts to saying Holy Mass in the poor chapel, or to praying for the wretched sufferers day and night; he even went so far in his love as to enter their cabins and sweep them clean, then wash and dress the hideous wounds of the inmates.

In 1866, when the mission field of Surniam was confided by the Holy See to the care of the Redemptorist Fathers, Father Donders joined their Congregation and began his novitiate at the advanced age of fifty-seven. After only six months of novitiate training, he achieved the crowning joy of religious profession.

His love for souls took on new impetus with the donning of the Redemptorist habit. No longer content with the routine work of visiting the plantations and caring for the lepers, his increased zeal urged him to undertake the conversion of the native tribes in their almost impenetrable forests. For eight years, he continued this work. Although trouble and failure and disappointment greeted his efforts often enough, he did not show the slightest sign of impatience or faint-heartedness.

These are the items in the lives of men of God that arouse the incredulity of the skeptical. And it is not surprising when one realizes that they do not know the secret of the strength that renders such heroic labors possible. With Father Donders, this continuous active life was supported by a life of prayer and mortification. All the moments of the day that he could spare were spent at the foot of the altar and since the day was not long enough, he passed part of the night in most intimate converse with his Lord. This spirit of prayer made him so powerful with God that on one occasion, through his intercession, the rain poured down and gave refreshment to a people suffering from thirst; on another, a shallow river raised sufficiently to make it possible for his boat to reach a remote camp of Indians; on still another, at his prayer, high waves which were threatening his boat with almost inevitable ruin, subsided.

He was a hero in mortification, too. When on a journey, he often gave away his supply of food to his server and oarsmen and contented himself with the scanty food of the natives. He never drank except

at meals or to please others; and that in a climate as hot as that of the West Indies! When in his boat, he slept on a wooden bench; when at home, on a hard bed or on the bare floor. His short night's rest was begun and ended with scourging his poor body so severely that it was covered with wounds and what was spared by the lash was completed by the mosquitoes, which had free admission to his face and hands.

No wonder that his union with God was very intimate; that his arm, strengthened by divine power, healed the sick by the simple use of holy water or the mere administering of the holy sacrament of Baptism.

After a stay of several years at Coronie, another mission station, Father Donders returned to his dear lepers at Batavia, to end his life among them. At the time of his return to the leper colony, he was seventy-five years of age.

On the 8th of January, 1887, his end seemed near. He was then suffering very severe pain, but filled with heavenly joy, he longed for the arrival of his Lord. His last message, communicated to his people by Father Bokker, his faithful companion, runs as follows:

"I herewith ask pardon from all those whom I might have offended and beg them all strictly to follow all my exhortations and above all to learn to conceive how serious an evil mortal sin is."

On the 14th of January, the very day that was foretold by the good Father, his beautiful soul returned to God.

His death caused general distress among his confreres and among his beloved people of Batavia and indeed among all the inhabitants of the colony at large. From that day, many began to invoke his powerful intercession and not without success. This simple beginning of veneration has increased little by little so that now, in the mission of Surinam, as well as in his native country, and especially in Tilburg, his native town, his name is honored, his blessing invoked, his help urgently asked for.

There are numerous cases in which his help has proved extraordinary indeed. One of our Fathers has collected them and they are now published and have been spread all over Holland to augment and strengthen the confidence that is generally placed in Father Donders' powerful intercession.

The place where his simple cottage once stood has been bought by

the Redemptorist Fathers and now many persons from all stations of life come there to pray and to ask for favors. A well which Father Donders is said to have used as a boy is still there and its water is reverently used by many for the cure of sick people. Quite recently, a small wooden chapel was erected there in honor of the Most Holy Trinity and within a short time, Tilburg is going to raise a beautiful monument in honor of its humble but glorified son, a monument to which the gratitude of all Holland has contributed.

The occasion of the writing of this short sketch was a promise I myself made a year ago. At that time, my own brother, stationed in the Redemptorist mission of Brazil, fell seriously ill. His weak health caused great anxiety among his relatives and I began to invoke Father Donders' help, promising that I would try to make his name known among the American people.

I hope that these simple lines may do some good and be the means of procuring many a favor for the dear American people as well. Then the name of Father Donders will not only be known there, but, as it happens more and more, here and in other places, be loved, too.

A WORLD WITHIN

What possible harm can there be in reading this book? I have no doubt there are plenty of foul crimes and wicked actions described in the book; but it will not induce me to commit them. And in the meantime it is amusing to read them of others.

Would you yourself, for any consideration, do them? Not for the world! Yet as you read them their image must occupy your mind; as they amuse you, your thoughts must dwell upon them with pleasure.

Certainly! But what of that?

That image is foulness, that thought is wickedness.

How is that possible? Does not wickedness require an action, to have any existence? True; and what is the action of the mind or of the soul, but thought? A passion which wishes death, is the action of this invisible power, like it unseen; the blow which inflicts it is but the mechanical action of the body, discernible like its origin. In which resides the responsibility of the final effect. Surely in the will, in the soul.

But one difficulty remains. There is responsibility, you maintain, for the inward as well as for the outward act. To whom? If the outward act is done there is joint responsibility for both to society, to the laws, to principles of justice, to self; for painful results will ensue. But if only the inward action exist, to whom can there be responsibility? Who sees it? Who can presume to judge it? Who to control it?

One, and He has no name but God; and that only men have given Him, that they may speak of Him. It describes not His nature, His origin, His qualities. And what are these? Simple as light is His nature, one and the same everywhere, indivisible, undefinable, penetrating yet diffusive, ubiquitous and unlimited. He existed before there was any beginning; He will exist after all ending has ceased. Power, wisdom, goodness, love, justice, too, and unerring judgment belong to Him by His nature and are as unlimited and unrestrained as it. He alone can create, He alone preserve, and He alone destroy.

But how can a Being such as this occupy Himself with constantly watching the actions, still more the paltry thoughts, of millions of creatures?

It is no occupation; it is not even choice. Call God Light! Is it occupation or labor to the sun to send his rays through the crystal waters of a fountain, to the very pebbles at its bed? See how of themselves they disclose not only the beautiful, but the foul that harbors there; not only the pearly bubbles that merely rise, glisten for a moment, then break against the surface; not only the golden fish that bask in their light, but black and loathsome creeping things, which seek to hide and bury themselves in dark nooks below, but cannot; for the light pursues them. Is there toil or occupation in all this, to the sun that thus visits them? Far more would it appear so were he to restrain his beams at the surface of the transparent waters and hold them back from throwing it into light. And what the sun does here, he does in the next stream and in that which is a thousand miles away, with equal ease; nor can any imaginable increase of their number or their bulk lead us to fancy, or believe, that rays would be wanting, or light would fail, to scrutinize them all.

All this is beautiful, and if true, most wonderful. And it sounds like truth, for could falsehood be more beautiful than truth? But what an awful idea, that one has never been alone, has never had a

wish to oneself, has never held a single thought in secret, has never hidden the most foolish fancy of a proud or childish brain, from the observation of one who knows no imperfection! Terrible thought that one is living under the gaze of an Eye, of which the sun is but a shadow, for he enters not the soul!

But what a new world, what a new life this truth opens up to our thought! A sphere of virtue beyond the opinions and judgments of men, a consciousness of a controlling, of an approving, and a rewarding power, too, standing by us when no other eye can see, or restrain or encourage us; a feeling that, were we forever shut up in solitude, we should be ever the same, because that influence upon us must be superior to that of any amount of human principles, in guiding us and can not leave us. Such is the position of moral elevation in which this truth should place each individual. To fall below it, even with an outwardly virtuous life, is mere deceit and positive wickedness.

And dare one address by worship this Supreme Being? Is He not too distant, too great, too lofty for this? Oh no! He is not distant from any of us; for as much as in the light of the sun, so in the very splendor of His power, His goodness and His wisdom, we live and move and have our being. Hence one may address Him, not as far off, but as around us and within us, while we are in Him and He hears us not with ears, but our words drop at once into His very bosom, and the desires of our hearts pass directly into the divine abyss of His.

WHY NOT?

We are familiar with card games in every shape and form. Educators have long since made use of the card game to teach children lessons in Geography, Spelling, Grammar, History and other branches.

Recently there came to us a new way of using the card game. "Our Favorite Saints" is an attempt to make our children acquainted with the lives of the Saints while playing a game.

It is a first rate idea and should prove popular among our Catholic people as a Christian gift for the youngsters.

To be conscious of ignorance is a great step toward knowledge.

Catholic Anecdotes

AN UNUSUAL CHAMPION OF MARY

The N. C. W. C. Bulletin brings out the following interesting incident:

An old gentleman, of stately appearance, came to the N. C. W. C. office recently, seeking light on a number of questions of Catholic doctrine concerning which he was a trifle confused. Papal Supremacy, the Real Presence, the Power of the Priest to forgive sin, were all beyond him. He was fearful of the Jesuits and skeptical of the "political ambition" of the American hierarchy. When, however, mention was made of the Blessed Virgin and the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, his eyes brightened and his face beamed with joy.

"I know about that," he said. "I once read a book which I found in a railway car. It was an explanation of Catholic devotion to Mary. It made a tremendous impression upon me. I can understand your teaching regarding the Virgin Mary and I think your dogma of the Immaculate Conception is based on the very finest thought which it has ever been given the mind of man to conceive!"

Who knows but that the Gentle Lady through whose intercession the blind see, the halt are made steady and the maimed to rise again, may yet turn in pity to her groping champion and kindle in his soul the fires of faith!

REMNANTS OF BETTER THINGS

In an article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, writing the reminiscences of actors, Elizabeth Marbury makes a very good point in these words:

"One of the most extraordinary conceits of which the human mind is capable is found in the so-called atheist who boasts of the freedom of his viewpoint and of his aloofness from every form of religious belief. He proclaims his liberation and advertises his courage. He insists that he has thrown over superstition and that he has freed himself from tradition. He stands in a vainglory upon his own feet, his

intellect is his only guide and his dissociation from creed his only mentor.

"But what these people decline to recognize is that whereas it takes many generations to make a gentleman, it takes many to unmake a Christian. They forget that the Ten Commandments were part of their mother's milk, that the Apostles' Creed had been recited without question by hundreds of their ancestors, that Christopher Columbus and the Pilgrim Fathers had prayed as they stood upon American rocks, that the covered wagon of 1848 sheltered not only pioneers but chaplains and priests, and that unconsciously they have never been able to divest themselves of a sense of reverence and of respect for law and order which percolates through their turbid veins despite the fact that they have become theoretically independent of the faith they reject.

"I have always maintained that to throw weight overboard is much easier than to land weight upon the deck. Any fool can strike a fish, but not every fool can land one."

A MEMORIAL TO GRIT

The people and the State of Minnesota have together raised \$100,000 to erect a memorial to Mike Dowling, whose principal feat in life was to attain the leading position in the personal esteem of his fellow-citizens.

At the age of fifteen years, Michael Dowling, through an unfortunate accident, found himself facing life, with both hands and both legs amputated. Resolved not to be a useless drag on the community, he made an unusual offer. If he could get an education, he would take care of himself. He did both: acquired an education, trained himself to work as well as more fortunate men in spite of his handicap, taught school, ran a newspaper, served in the State Legislature, was President of a Bank and at one time was urged as a candidate for Governor. And the secret?

"Don't think you are a cripple because you have lost a limb or two," he says. "It is the mind that counts. * * * Keep your mind working and you can accomplish wonders."

How true in the Spiritual order. It is St. Paul who says: "By the grace of God, I can accomplish all things."

Pointed Paragraphs

NEW YEAR 1924

We are looking forward almost all our lives. The past seems so completely out of our power to change—the present so fleeting and so commonplace—the future holds all prospects.

Joy seems always just beyond our reach. It is God's way of reminding us that our real happiness will come in the grand New Year of Eternity.

We can learn much from the past year. Its mistakes, its pains, its losses, its joys, its successes, its gains, may all be repeated. Look to the causes and be guided by the lessons of the past. Then forward!

What will the New Year bring, is not nearly so important a question as, how will I meet it and use it?

PRAYER AND NERVES

This is taken from a report of a case handled by Dr. Foster Kennedy, associate professor of Neurology at Cornell Medical College, attending physician at Bellevue Hospital and other hospitals of New York City. He tells his treatment of a man who recently came to him.

"This man was the head of a large shoe manufacturing company. When he came to me his eyes were starting out of his head. His heart was beating half again as fast as it should. He told me that in the course of the day when he was at his desk, and thought of the many important tasks ahead of him, his forehead would become beaded with sweat. And so on."

What was the remedy prescribed?

"There was very little to do for this man in a physical way." But the learned doctor advised reading of history and other interesting books, adding, "No medicine in the world will do you as much good as merriment in your heart," and then continues:

"Another thing I recommended to him may seem even more unusual—prayer. He promised me he would pray not only when he

went to church, but at his office during the day, and I told him what I shall tell you presently about the truly medicinal value of prayer. To-day the manufacturer is a well man."

It is another application of Christ's words: Pray always and fail not! But some people "have no time to pray"!

RESOLVE

We are familiar with the reformers who want to cure all ills with laws.

The Resolver who sweeps the whole year with one general resolution will probably find that he has only stirred up the dust to see it settle again quickly.

When St. Ignatius, in the solitude of Manresa, decided to devote his life to God, the devil appeared to him and asked:

"What! Your whole life? Think how long it may be! Will you be able to hold out that long?"

"Perhaps not," St. Ignatius is said to have replied; "I am not thinking of that; I shall hold out to-day, and God will take care of to-morrow."

Definite and of daily application and daily renewed—this is a good formula for an efficient resolution.

WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER?

That the bulk of reading done by the American public is newspaper reading is a fact that will be generally conceded. That this fact occasions serious reflection on the part of that public is another story.

In days gone by we were led to believe that the newspaper was an important element in the forming of public opinion. Theoretically, at least, it was supposed to form this opinion by clearly and truthfully outlining the events of the world in its news columns and commenting on them in its editorial section. The editorial comment goes on, possibly because editors are human and human nature likes to express its sentiments on things in general, possibly because the editors are conscious of their responsibility as moulders of public opinion and wish to acquit themselves of this duty in a creditable fashion.

But the news columns! Where are they?

As the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* points out, the recent

press strike in New York, with the consequent necessity of conserving space, gives a rather clear idea of the present status of the newspaper. Space that could have been devoted to genuine news, was given to the usual features, local sensational items, comic strips, and in general "syndicated flubdubbery," so that there was little room for adequate presentation of world happenings.

Why? The answer must be because the public pays for what it wants; and it wants just that. Then the traditional rule of the newspaper has changed; and from a moulder of public thought it has become the moulded result of public thought! And in catering to this new role, it still retains its old standing of a formative element; hence when it places the sensational news prominently for the delectation of the public, it is increasing the public's taste for sensation. And so the vicious circle wheels on.

Another argument for the establishment of Catholic dailies! We thank the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* for it.

LAID IN A MANGER

The poverty of our Infant Saviour born on Christmas night—laid on straw—in a crib—in a stable—touches every heart.

Hardly anyone who thinks of it does not say—if only I had been there!

There are hundreds and thousands of children as poor as was Christ, in need even more distressing. From the Foreign Missions—from Germany—from Armenia come reports that go to one's heart.

"Whatsoever you do to the least of my brethren," says Our Lord—who knows what cold and poverty meant—"you do it unto me."

If only I had been there! You are beside the Crib of Christ—what will you do?

THE VOCATION OF MOTHERS

Father Garesche, in his book, "Every Timely Thoughts," tells the following:

"At first I did not realize how important a task was mine," said a Catholic mother the other day, "when first I began to teach my little child. I confess that up to that time I had a great many ideas about

the influence of woman, and had engaged in many active tasks in club life and social service. I was full to the finger-tips of social statistics and could tell you offhand where every welfare agency had its headquarters and just what to do and where to go to meet any civic need.

"I attended meetings and spoke at conventions and was filled with self-satisfaction when I considered the great future of women in America and all the many things one could do to help along the Church and the State. When, one day as my little one grew older, I suddenly began to think of the supreme responsibility that I had on me of bringing up this little child.

"Here was a life just budding into consciousness and conscience, with habits forming and character taking shape. I could see the swiftness with which the little mind was developing, and her wise sayings and precocious questions warned me that here was a task indeed to train the young thoughts aright and plant truth and wisdom before the world had its way with error and folly. And that little will! How it appalled me sometimes to see how strong, determined, obstinate it was getting! Certainly sometimes my own will, mature as I am, was barely a match for it. Then I saw habits forming, little ways and tricks of action, small, almost imperceptible beginnings of this or that good or evil characteristic, and it startled me to think that these faint beginnings would so swiftly harden into habits and become almost impossible to change.

"So I gave up speeches and papers and conventions, excellent though I knew them all to be, and let the world wag on a while without my aid, while I devoted myself quite intensely to what now seems to me one of the greatest tasks in the world, to bring up that child.

"Though I am solicitous and careful, and though I think I do not consciously leave anything undone to encourage and train, to develop and guide that beautiful little life which is just in the making, I always think to myself when every day is done, how many parts of my great task I have left incomplete, and wish that I myself were better and nobler, so as to give more and deeper training to my child."

Ring out the old; ring in the new! Another year is sped! Relentlessly, the watch ticks on to eternity and all that it implies. And yet, some there are who would "kill" time!

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

BETHLEHEM AND PERPETUAL HELP

Jesus the Infant Saviour without a home! This is the first mystery of the coming of Our Lord into this world. "He came unto his own, and His own received Him not." A child is never turned away. There was no room, however, for Jesus in the homes of Bethlehem—none for Him in the public inns. Thus He puts Himself among the poorest and most helpless.

Mary found a home for Him. True, His home was heaven; true, He could have commandeered any home for Himself; true, He could have chosen any palace of the mighty ones of this world. Angel messengers that told of His coming to the shepherds watching their flocks on the hillsides, might have prepared the luxuries of royalty for Him.

But He was pleased to depend upon Mary, to show us that we might depend upon her aid in our hour of need.

We can well imagine her solicitude on that first Christmas night—the sweet, tender, motherly love and care with which she tried to make the poor cave by Bethlehem's highway a fitting home for her Lord, now become a child. It takes no stretch of fancy to see her making as warm a cradle as possible of the rough crib with its straw, and how her love rather than the poor swaddling clothes kept the Infant Saviour warm.

So will she also provide a home for us—for our souls—not in any abandoned cave—but in the Sacred Heart of her Divine Son, which she saw opened on Calvary. She will find for us the garments of grace to clothe our souls in the splendor of God.

And for how many a poor waif has she not found a home when none on earth opened to it? To how many a home has not Mary brought that which alone changes a mere house into a real home—the peace of Bethlehem, true love and trust in God!

The only successful "philosopher's stone" is the good intention which turns the dreariest actions of life into the gold of heaven.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"Many thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for the favor received since the beginning of this Novena."

"My dearest Mother of Perpetual Help, I must thank you most heartily for answering my prayers and bringing back health and a good job to a member of our family. In thanksgiving I will have a Mass offered and promise to pray even harder than ever so your blessings will remain with us."

"I would like to publicly express my thanks to our Mother of Perpetual Help for a special favor granted me since the opening of this Novena. I am deeply grateful to our Blessed Mother for this great favor and have resolved to practice devotion to our Mother of Perpetual Help all through life."

"I wish to thank Our Mother of Perpetual Help for a wonderful position obtained since the beginning of this Novena; also for assistance in my new work."

"I want to thank our dear Mother of Perpetual Help for giving me courage to refuse what appeared a very good position, but carried with it danger to the spiritual life for myself and another."

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help, accept my heartfelt thanks for the two very great favors received since your last public Novena. One favor for restoring the health of my sister so she can do her work after all gave up hope for her recovery and the other for the new home in a Redemptorist parish where we can visit your beloved shrine and picture."

"Since the last Novena I wish to express my thanks to our dear Mother of Perpetual Help for favor received in getting a good position with a good salary after being unemployed six months, which about made me despondent."

"Many thanks to the Mother of Perpetual Help for favor received for which I have been praying since the last Novena."

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help, I want to thank you for a great favor you obtained for me. And in thanksgiving I am having a High Mass offered."

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help, I thank the dear Sacred Heart and you, Mother, for finding work for my nephew. I am having High Mass offered in your honor."

Catholic Events

On Nov. 19, King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain were received at the Vatican by Pope Pius XI, with all the solemnities and formalities prescribed by the traditions of the Papal Court for the reception of reigning Catholic sovereigns. The King announced that he wished his visit to the Pope to be interpreted not merely as an act of courtesy, but as an expression of homage and obedience which he wished to express personally to the head of the Catholic Church in behalf of the Spanish nation. At his own wish the ancient ceremonial was carried out in full.

* * *

Some European newspapers assumed that the permission given by the Pope to the Spanish sovereigns to visit Rome implied a renunciation of the Church's patrimony, violently wrested from her by Victor Emmanuel in 1870. Pope Pius, however, declared:

"The wound opened on September 20, 1870, cannot be cured by blandishment. It is and will remain open until such measures are taken as will not only insure the Holy See the enjoyment of liberty and independence, which is its right, but also will convince the whole world that it really enjoys them."

* * *

Referring to this question of the Temporal Power of the Pope, Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, in a recent sermon said:

"My dear friends, the Temporal Power of the Pope is a very simple question, and it is not fair to be using it as it has been used and magnifying it to a position where it has become a bugaboo among nations. People are actually meeting, probably during this holy Mass, to devise ways and means to prevent the Holy Father from coming to the United States! It is love's, or hate's labor lost.

"Open the pages of history, whatever history it may be, back in the centuries. Contemporary history is generally propaganda; but when you go back to, say 324 A. D., you may find mere statement of facts. This was the age of Constantine the Great, who was the first emperor to lift the standard of the Cross. I believe his was the first declaration in the world of what is called 'religious liberty.' The decree of Constantine in 324 declared that the Christian Religion and the other religions had a right to exist. He declared for freedom of worship. By this decree he authorized external worship for the Catholic world, and the believers came out from the catacombs and the cemeteries and the secret places, and built their churches and worshipped without fear.

"The Church had then a right to exist, to acquire property and transmit it, to build churches and schools and institutions, and obtain endowments for religious and charitable purposes. This was the be-

ginning of temporal power. In these first years there were certain grants made by bequests and donations to the Holy See. * * * For hundreds of years these lands so donated were called 'the patrimony of St. Peter's.'

"Thus we go on to the year 781, the time of Pepin and Charlemagne. * * * There was then a breaking up of the old Roman Empire. * * * Charlemagne came down with his armies to Rome to defend the Pope and the papal States. Drawing a line, he said: 'These states shall remain under the temporal jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff.'

"This was in 781; and so it remained till 1870 when Garibaldi swept into Rome and destroyed the autonomy of the Papal States. * * * The Holy Father protested * * * and that protest has never been withdrawn. But that is all there is to temporal power. At no time, from the year 324 to 1870, did the papal states extend so much as to embrace half the State of Missouri. It is upon that very narrow basis that this pyramid of falsehood (regarding the Pope's desire to rule the world) has been built. It is an inverted pyramid!"

* * *

Bishop-elect Griffin of the new diocese of Springfield (formerly the diocese of Alton, Ill.), will be welcomed by plans to erect a million-dollar cathedral in the new episcopal see. Plans also call for the erection of a new home for the Bishop and a Catholic High School.

* * *

Press dispatches from Rome, dated Nov. 16, state that the Holy Father had given 21,150,000 lire for charity from his private purse up to September, the nineteenth month of his tenure of office. This does not include charitable offerings through the Pope in answer to specific appeals as in the case of the Russian famine sufferers, for whom more than 40,000,000 lire have been distributed, with money still coming in.

* * *

In regard to the visit of the Spanish Sovereigns to the Holy See, Mussolini declared: "The Italian people are glad that the King of Spain should visit the Pontiff in solemn form. We are a Catholic nation, not alone because the very great majority of our people are Catholic, but because Catholicism is inseparable from our history."

* * *

The tour of the famous Sistine Chapel Choir is attracting interest that has become national in extent. Under the direction of the venerable Msgr. Antonio Rella, the choir of fifty-four voices is giving the music-loving public of the United States an excellent introduction to the historic music of the Catholic Church. Press reports from all parts of the country show a lavish use of adjectives in describing the effectiveness of their singing. Most of the compositions sung in this tour have never been published or permitted to be taken from the Vatican archives.

* * *

The Klan is having its own troubles at present and bids fair to continue having them till its inevitable dissolution. Major Dalrymple

in a recent speech denounced high Klan officials as "political high-binders and libertines." Notable among the data he advanced as the result of his investigation, is the listing of the huge sums of money acquired and "gotten away with" by Klan leaders. The Senate is still troubled with the issue created by the election of Mayfield from Texas, an issue that seems likely to broaden into a national political issue before the end of the next presidential election. Like many other diseases, Klanism cannot thrive in the light! And issues bring publicity!

* * *

Birth control, narcotics, nasty shows and obscene books are coming in for a generous amount of attention. New York has started a movement to clean up; where it will end is hard to be seen. Since publicity only augments this evil by rendering free advertising, effective control of the situation will be attained only by the conscientious cooperation of the decent minded public.

* * *

More than one hundred persons attended the sessions of the First Catholic Rural Life Conference, held in St. Louis, Mo. Plans were made to hold the national conferences annually. The meeting at St. Louis was called by the Rev. Edwin O'Hara. The first general session was held in the Library Auditorium of St. Louis University, with Mr. F. P. Kenkel, K. S. G., as chairman. The Right Rev. P. J. Muldoon, D. D., and Most Rev. John G. Glennon welcomed the delegates. Catholic leaders from all parts of the country and representatives of the leading Catholic societies gave reports on conditions in their districts.

* * *

The St. Vincent de Paul in Seattle, Wash., have started a medical and dental clinic for poor people. Catholic doctors and dentists are cooperating in the work.

* * *

Catholic hospital work in the middle West has been aided recently by two notable gifts. St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital of Webster City, Iowa, has been named the beneficiary of the estate of John McCarley, which amounts to \$500,000. In Merrill, Wis., a large mansion, formerly owned by the late T. B. Scott, wealthy lumber man, with its eleven acres of land, has been given by the city to the Sisters of the Holy Cross of Switzerland, who will eventually conduct a hospital there.

* * *

The campaign fund for the erection of a Catholic Community Center building at Fort Wayne, Ind., has been over-subscribed, a total of \$590,269 having been raised in less than two weeks.

* * *

Canada lost one of its most picturesque citizens in the death of Lord Shaughnessy, chairman of the board of directors of the Canadian Pacific railroad. Lord Shaughnessy was born in Milwaukee, Wis., and went to Canada as a young man to engage in railroad work. He was raised to the peerage for his successful completion of the Canadian Pacific.

THE Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

Which is better for penitents, who go to confession every week: to confess in detail all the venial sins, of which they have been guilty of during the week, or to select one or two of these sins and then direct the act of contrition and purpose of amendment to them?

That all depends upon the spiritual condition of the penitents and the purpose that they have in view in going to confession. If the purpose of the confession is to procure greater purity of soul and freedom from all sin, especially as a preparation for Holy Communion, then a detailed accusation will be better, particularly if the soul has already made great progress in the spiritual life. This method is not suited to souls, who are inclined to scruples; they should follow blindly the guidance of their confessor. If the purpose is to use the weekly confession as a disciplinary means for the upbuilding of a Christian character, then the second method seems to be better for by this method the penitent's efforts are directed towards one or two sins, instead of being scattered, thus insuring more certain results. Perhaps it would be best of all to join both methods: confess all the venial sins that come to mind in a brief and serious examination of conscience and then direct the act of contrition and particularly the purpose of amendment to one of the sins that has been confessed.

Are there such things as a "Black Pope" and a "Layman Order of the Jesuit Fathers" if so, what is meant by them?

1) The General Superior of the Society of Jesus sometimes is called the "Black Pope" because of the wide influence he is supposed to wield in ecclesiastical affairs on account of his office as head of one of the large and very active religious orders in the church. He is called the "Black Pope" because he wears black just as the Cardinal at the head of the Congregation of the Propagation of the

Faith is called the "Red Pope". Neither has any power to govern in the church except what is given them by the real pope, whose ordinary garb is white.

2) There is no such thing as a "Layman Order of Jesuits", if you mean by this, that there are laymen living in the world who are secret Jesuits. Like other orders the Society of Jesus can, if it wills, make its friends participants in its prayers and in the merits of its good works; but it cannot make them members of the order, unless they live the life of the order. Of course there are members in the Society, who are received to perform domestic and temporal services; these members are not priests and are not destined to become priests, but they are nevertheless real members of the order and are called lay-brothers.

Is it true that there is no law of the church which compels the Pope to reside in Rome?

The Pope is the Bishop of Rome and therefore ordinarily he resides in Rome. However he is not only the Bishop of Rome but also the Head of the Universal Church; consequently if circumstance would arise that would make it advisable for him not to reside in Rome on account of the good of the whole church, there would be no law obliging him to stay in Rome. There are several incidents recorded in history, when the popes did not reside in Rome, for instance during the greater part of the fourteenth century the Church was governed, not from Rome but from Avignon, a French city belonging to the popes at that time. The last pope, who did not reside in Rome during the whole term of his office was Pope Pius IX. On account of revolutionary disturbances in Rome, he was forced to flee from his city on November 24, 1849, and from that date until April, 1850 he made his headquarters at Gaeta, a city in Naples.

Some Good Books

"Lord Bountiful". By Francis J. Finn, S. J. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price \$1.00.

Father Finn's books were the delight of our boyhood days—and they are the delight of boys today. He has learnt to know the "eternal boy" as we might say—has that which appeals to every boy and will ever appeal. In Lord Bountiful he presents us with one of his best and most successful books.

But tho' we do not belong to the "boys" any longer—as far as age is concerned—we were delighted with this book.

And the price is so moderate that any Dad can buy it as a gift for his boy.

"The Christ-Child". By Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. Published by the America Press, New York. Price 10c. Reductions per 100.

In this pamphlet Father Husslein presents us with thirty-one pages of beautiful and inspiring thoughts on the Christ-Child. It is just suited to the season.

Nothing would be better calculated to put us in the spirit of this blessed season of Christmas as the reading of this short pamphlet. Especially fine are chapters I and III, which are written with that warmth and feeling which go to one's heart and kindles it with a pleasant glow.

It will make a very good pamphlet for book racks.

"God and Caesar". By Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. Published by the America Press, New York. Price 10c. Reductions per 100.

The title of this pamphlet may deceive you. Let me give you the chapter headings. I, Bigotry in America; II, High Finance of Bigotry; III, Is the church in Politics; IV and V, The Church and the State; VI, The Church and the People.

Sounds interesting doesn't it? It is—but much more than interesting. It is illuminating.

Teens and Twenties. By Marg. D. Chambers. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price, net \$1.50.

A very neatly bound volume with paper and print that makes you think at once of a girl's room. There it belongs with her treasures.

It begins with the words: "The eyes of the world are upon you." And how the eyes of the world will brighten and glisten, if all our girls take to heart the lessons it conveys.

In a big-sisterly way it speaks to every Catholic girl. Will it be interesting? I haven't the least doubt. Every girl that means to be something worth while will be glad to have it. And if I could have offered it to you in time, I should have said: Get it for your girl, mother, as a Christmas present. But—it will be a welcome gift at any time.

"My Prayer Book". By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Extra Large Type Edition. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price \$2.00.

Everybody, I suppose, knows Father Lasance's Prayer Books. And I have frequently heard it said, "My Prayer Book" is the best of all. Indeed, I believe, it is one of the most satisfactory prayer books that can be had at present.

It is not as handy, in size, as others. But what of that! Our Mothers and Sisters generally carry their handbags, anyway, and can easily put "My Prayer Book" into them. And as for Fathers and Brothers—if they do not care to be seen carrying this book (tho' it will fit nicely into an overcoat pocket) can leave it at their place in Church. And there are some readings in the book that will be of just the right length and of just the right "finish" to be read mornings before going to work or evenings before retiring.

The present edition is a large type edition, which will be welcomed by many as a special convenience.

Lucid Intervals

A Texas attorney was delivering a Fourth of July address. He had held forth prosily for nearly an hour, apparently without getting anywhere. At length he stopped, and then said in impressive tones: "I pause to ask myself a question."

A voice from the back of the hall shouted: "Better not. You'll get a fool answer."

Two traveling salesmen, bound for the Pacific Coast, sat facing each other at a table in the diner of a Union Pacific train.

After gazing intently at each other for a while, one said to the other in a low tone:

"Klux?"

"No, no," was the reply. "Cluks and Zuits."

Mr. Sapp: "I've a great mind to rock the boat and frighten you."

Miss Sweet: "Once before a young man like you tried that with me and the boat upset."

Mr. Sapp: "And what did you do?"

Miss Sweet: "I swam ashore and notified the coronor."

Old Mose carefully knocked the ashes from his corncob and put it on the mantelpiece.

"Mandy," he remarked, "I thinks I's gwine put on mah bes' clothes an' go down to de theayter ternight to see de chorus ladies dance."

His wife turned a stony eye on him.

"Mose," she said slowly, "lissen heah! If dat am what yuh thinks, then yuh'd bettah think agin. Nisgah, yuh ain't gwine put on nothin' to go no place no time to see nobody do nothin', never, nohow an' not at all. Does yuh understan'?"

Some years ago I watched a sign-painting genius while he put the final artistics on a masterpiece: "Ladic's and Gent's Restaurant."

"Pardon my inquisitiveness," said I, "but why do you put the apostrophe before the s?"

"The which before the what?" he questioned courteously.

"The little curly-tailed mark after that e and that t. Some call it an apostrophe."

"Posserphe, is it? Well, young feller, I seen and I make that dingus a hundred times, and I never knew that it had a name. Posserphe! That's a good one; I'll have to spring it on the gang. Some painters always paint it after the s, but I always put it before the s, because I think that it looks more artistic there. Otherwise, it don't make no difference where you put it."

In the motion picture "Robin Hood," Lady Marian desires to send a message to the Earl of Huntington and chooses Little John to act as her messenger. She presents John with a scroll which is protected by what seems to be a black case or tube.

As she handed it over, a small boy in the audience asked his mother what it was.

"That's a flashlight," she answered in a loud voice.

"Don't show your ignorance, Mary," snapped her husband. "They didn't have flashlights in those days. That's a thermos bottle."

A well known humorist, while crossing the Atlantic, was leaning over the rail one morning when the information fiend tapped him on the shoulder.

"Sir," said the latter, with a wave of the hand, "do you know that if the earth were flattened out, the sea would be miles deep all over the world?"

The humorist looked impressed.

"Well," he replied with the vestige of a smile, "if you catch any one flattening out the earth, shoot him on the spot. I can't swim."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the courses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

Burse of St. Alphonsus (St. Alphonsus Parish, New Orleans La.)	\$2,506.46
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Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.)	492.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help of St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Cal.)	1,258.50
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.) ..	2,007.00

* * *

Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis), \$547.20; Burse of St. Cajetan (Single Ladies of Rock Church), \$1,002.78; Burse of St. Joseph, \$642.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,827.00; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$201.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$238.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Anne, \$152.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$242.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$10.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$115.00. The Rev. M. A. Seymour Scholarship, \$5,000.00.

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